North. Reproach and desolution hangeth ouer him,
Rosse. He hath not Money for these *Irish* Warres,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.
North. His noble kinsman most degenerate King?
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoyde the storme.
We see the Winde sit sore vpon our Sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Rosse. We see the very Wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.
North. Not so, euen through the hollow eies of death,
I espie life peering; but I dare not say,
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Rosse. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three are but thy selfe; and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus: I haue from *Le port blan*
(A Bay in *Britaine*) receiude intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, Raynold L. Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His Brother Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir Iohn Ramston,
Sir Iohn Norberie, sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Coines
All these well furnished by the Duke of Britaine,
With eight tall Ships, three thousand men of Warre,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northern shore.
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for *Ireland*:
If then we shall shake off our Countries slauish yoke,
Impe out our drowping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broken pawne the blemisht Crowne,
Wipe of the dust that hides our Scepters guilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in post to Rauenspurgh:

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.
Rosse. To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them that fea
Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt

Enter the Queene, Bushie, and Bagot.

Bush. Madam, your Maiestie is too much sadde,
You promist when you parted with the King,
To lay aside halfe-harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.
Queene. To please the King I did, to please my selfe
I cannot doo it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,
As my sweete *Richard:* yet againe me thinks
Some vnborne Sorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe,
Is comming towards me and my inward Soule,
With nothing trembles, at some thing it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.
Bush. Each substance of a griefe hath twenty shadow
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,
Deuides one thing entire to many obiects,
Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,
Shew nothing but confusion, eyde awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweete Maiestie,
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Find shapes of griefe more then himselfe to waile,
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice (gracious Queene)
More then your Lords departure weepe not, more is no
Or if it be, tis with false Sorrowes eyes,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.
Queene. It may be so, but yet my inward Soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heauie sad,
As though on thinking on, no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and shrinke.